

1892

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SEASON OPENS JUNE 22d, 1892

This famous mountain resort, situated at the summit of the Alleghenies and directly upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad...

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Remember that the best route to Chicago from Lincoln (through Omaha) is via the "Rock Island." The Dining Cars are all new and elegant...

BE A MAN. APOLLO WAS A PERFECT MAN. PERFECT IN FORM - BATHING IN WATER...

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY.

The Home of Samuel Slater, the Father of American Manufactures. PAWTUCKET, R. I., June 30.—This city, which for a long time claimed the honor of being the largest town in the United States...

Another object of interest about the old Slater mansion some forty or fifty years ago was the family coach, around which hung an air of genteel antiquity and memories of some famous general...

None of the incidents connected with Samuel Slater are more interesting than one given in the records of the Providence plantations. This little account credits a woman with being the originator of that most useful article, cotton thread...

The Wilkinsons were an old Pawtucket family, and in St. Paul's Episcopal church, the oldest in the city and an ugly but unique old frame building...

ALL ABOUT ROWBOATS.

How to Manage Them with Ease and Safety. [Special Correspondence.]

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—The season of drowning accidents has again opened. I am convinced that many lives would be spared if the large number of persons who are fond of rowing would take the trouble to learn how a boat should be handled.

But let me describe the various parts of a boat first. The stern of a boat is the part where the rudder is put on, the



A DOUBLE ENDED BOAT.

opposite end being called the bow. A double ended boat, one that is sharp at the bow and the stern, may be rowed stern first, provided the rudder is removed from its place.

There are two kinds of oars, spoon shaped and flat bladed ones. The former are preferable for light pleasure boats or racing shells, while the latter are better adapted to heavier and to working boats.

When entering a boat one should never step on the gunwale, as by so doing the craft is liable to capsize. Jumping into a boat is also a very bad habit.

ARTHUR PARKER.

Mary Was Sleepy.

A Buffalo girl made a funny remark in school the other day: "George Washington" was the time honored subject of discussion, and the little girl was getting sleepy and not paying the close attention she should.

The Victim.



Her Father—Do you work for a living? Chappie—Oh, ya-as—ya-as— Her Father (sizing him up)—Whom do you work?—Life.

Easily Distinguished.

It is the fashion now to speak of "optimists" and "pessimists." The distinction itself is nothing new, as there have always been to classes of people—those who look on the bright side of things and those who look on the dark side, but the words have no doubt puzzled some readers.

One man, a learned farmer we may suppose, defines an optimist as a person who believes that all eggs will hatch. An exchange reports a dialogue overheard in a butcher's shop:

"Do you ever study the faces of the customers here?" said one man.

"Yes."

"Well, did you ever try to distinguish the pessimistic from the optimistic?"

"Yes, and there is little difficulty in doing it."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, the pessimist is the man who is waiting for six other customers to be shaved and the optimist is the one distinguished by the appellation of 'next.'"

—Yankee Blade.

The Usual Plan.

"Don't you want to buy a good cyclopedia?" inquired the canvasser.

"What do I want of a cyclopedia?"

"Everybody needs one. Suppose you want to ascertain how many inhabitants Madagascar has, or who was the first Old Fellow, or what the distance is from the earth to the moon, or when the first Atlantic cable was laid, and you've got to know right off—what are you going to do?"

"Write a letter of inquiry to some newspaper and find out," retorted Mr. Veritas indignantly. "Think I'm a blamed gourd-head!"

And he kicked the agent down stairs.—Chicago Tribune.

Knew the Sex.

"I don't think there is any chance for me with Miss Daisy."

"Why not?"

"She doesn't seem to care anything about me."

"How does she treat you?"

"Jeily and haughtily. Every other fellow she treats kindly, but me—well, I guess there's no chance for me."

"Why, man, you are the one she loves. You're in luck if you only knew it."—New York Press.

The Ignorance of Man.

Inventor—Oh, the fatality of things! Here I have an invulnerable, nonatmospheric, spectacular, refractive, nonreverberating, nonoscillatory watch, perfect in detail and mechanism; and yet I am almost starving.

Friend—Why don't you sell the patent.

Inventor—The fools won't buy it, just because it won't keep time. The driveling idiots!—Jewellers' Circular.

A Graceful Compliment.

Miss Wellalong (who hopes by making light of her years to be thought quite young)—Really, I prefer to look on. I am getting too old to dance, you know.

Mr. Affable (who prides himself on always saying the right thing)—Oh, come now, you're not old. I don't believe you are within ten years of as old as you look!—Jester.

Mercy.

Travers—Do you know the address of a good washerwoman?

Dashaway—I do, but I would rather not give it to you.

Travers—Why not?

Dashaway—Well, to be frank with you, old man, she is poor enough already.—New York Herald.

A Man of Principle.

Mrs. Gobble—No, you cannot marry Mr. Goplast. Rich as he is, he is a man utterly devoid of principle.

Ella Gobble—Indeed! Well he has enough principle to bring him in an interest of about \$20,000 a year.—Boston News.

Considerate.

Young Mr. Fiddleback—Is Miss Redbud at home?

Servant—She is, sir, but the minister is talking to her just at present, sir.

Fiddleback—Oh, all right. Don't wake her up.—Life.

Other Attractions.

Bella—You should have seen the crowds of men calling in the box I was in last night.

Stella (with great sweetness)—Who occupied the box with you?—Chicago Tribune.

Warm Enough.

Mother—Do you think the water is warm enough yet for swimming?

Little Son—Yes, indeed. Tommy Traddles was in yesterday and he's alive yet.—Good News.

Her Choice.

"Won't you come for a row, auntie?" "No, thank you, dear. Awkward puns are very good for young people, but I prefer to remain on terra cotta."—Pick Me Up.

A Nautical View.

Mamma—Don't you know that your father is the mainstay of the family? Freddy—Golly, ain't he though! And the spanker too.—Brooklyn Life.

AMERICAN CORN ABROAD.

Success of the Government Agents in Popularizing Corn in Europe. [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, June 30.—The department of agriculture has just issued an exhibit which cannot but be of exceeding interest throughout the country, being nothing less than a triumphant demonstration of the splendid success attained by the American corn missionary, Mr. Charles J. Murphy, in his work of popularizing maize as an article of food in Europe. A very practical evidence of what he has achieved is the report of Mr. Walter E. Gardner, American consul at Rotterdam, Netherlands, to the effect that while during the first three months of 1891 the total importation of American corn at that port was only 97,723 bushels, the quantity brought in during a corresponding period of the present year was 3,203,006 bushels, most of which was transhipped to Germany. But the most striking and significant bit of evidence sent out with the department's report is a red poster, one of those now employed for the decoration of Berlin and the information of the hungry masses of Deutschland. It is only 2 feet long by 18 inches wide; but that is big in the old world, where the economy in use of paper is such that even theatrical show bills and circuses are customarily of modest size. At its head the American eagle is depicted in the act of screaming. The poster follows in large letters:

MURPHY BROTHERS, 55 Rozen, 15 Mais, 5 Pfund 60 Pfennige. Erhuerer Preis fur 3 Pfund 50 Pf.

Succeeding are announcements of G. Muller's big bakery, with its four branches, in Berlin, at which the "Murphy brod" is obtainable. Putting into plain English the facts Herr Muller thus presents to his countrymen, he offers for sixty pfennige (about fifteen cents) a quantity of bread, composed of two thirds rye and one-third corn flour, for which, at the rate charged previously for rye bread, 83 1/2 pfennige (nearly twenty-one cents), would have been demanded. A reduction of a little over a cent on each pound of bread he consumes means a great deal to the German workman, particularly when he learns, as he speedily will, that the new and cheaper bread is more palatable and nutritious than that to which he has been accustomed.

According to the representations of a correspondent of the Paris newspaper La Telegraphie, writing from Berlin, the demand for the "Murphy brod" is so great that customers at the bakeries supplying it have to form in line, and there is already complaint that some rascally bakers, while pretending to deny the new bread, are secretly mixing maize flour with their rye in order to compete with the excellent quality of the "Murphy brod," and at the same time charge the old prices for their product. That, however, under a paternal government like the German, where the police regulate everything, is a matter which will soon be set straight no doubt.

In Hamburg an American firm have gone into the business of supplying "Murphy brod" to the public, and their success has spread dismay among the conservative bakers who have antagonized the new flour. Wherever the indefatigable endeavors of Mr. Murphy have enabled the public to test and prove the virtues of Indian corn lively appreciation of its desirability as a food has been demonstrated, and it is no longer admissible of question that through his enthusiastic efforts—primarily, simply, as a private individual, "because he was that sort of a crank," and later as an accredited agent of our government—a wonderful impetus has been given to the world's demand for one of our chief products. It is a fact not generally known that we devote an acreage to corn growing exceeding the aggregate area devoted to all other cereals and potatoes, double that cut for hay, and greater than all upon which wheat, oats and cotton are cultivated. Even in the eleven cotton growing states a larger area of cultivated land is devoted to corn than to cotton. The acreage now planted in corn annually, according to the statistics of the department of agriculture, "is greater than the total surface area of New England, New York and New Jersey combined; greater than the whole area of the United Kingdom or of Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Portugal and Greece combined. It more than equals in extent the total cultivated land in France or Germany or Austria-Hungary, and is three-fourths as large as the aggregate acreage sown to wheat in all the countries of Europe together."

About 96 per cent. of this enormous production is annually consumed in the country, more than 80 per cent. never crosses the lines of the country where it is grown, and not only is it a leading staple for the food of man and beast, but on the broad prairies of the west where wood is scarce vast quantities of it have been consumed as fuel. Our production of corn since 1869 has averaged 1,455,998,094 bushels per annum and our average exportation has been only 3.8 per cent. up to the present year. Not only in quantity but in quality does our corn lead the world. Inferior maize of unpalatable sorts is grown in Italy, Spain and parts of France, and there is also Danubian corn, fit only for chicken feed, but the United States monopolizes the supply of this cereal fit for human consumption. Hungary, Russia, India and the Argentine Republic may compete with our wheat crop, but American corn has practically no rivals. Hence nothing can be of much greater importance in the line of developing the value of our resources than such work as Mr. Murphy has been doing. In the language of Secretary Rusk, "Could we secure an advance of even five cents a bushel on an average for corn during the ensuing decade, which might well be done and still enable us to supply the foreign demand at a price far below that of other cereal foods of equal value, the result would be to add \$1,000,000,000 to the value of this crop during that period."

J. H. CONNELLY.

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HAVING just assumed personal control of my handsome new stables, it will be my aim to conduct a first-class establishment, giving best of care and attention to horses entrusted to our keeping.

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